

MARVEL®
7th July 90

THE REAL

№108 45p

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GHSTBUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404



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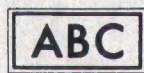
Look out, there's a spooky tennis player about! Just when everybody thought it was safe to go back on the Centre Court at Wimbledon, along comes this sporting spectre. This fitness phantom is bound to get *court*, though, if he's up against **The Real Ghostbusters** and he'll see that he's no game, set or *match* for our fearless heroes in **Tennis Menace!**

Next time you make a wish you had better be careful, because if the wish comes out drastically wrong it might be that you were standing a bit too near **The Sick Wishing Well!** You couldn't wish for a better issue though, because apart from these fabulously frightening tales, there's lots of your regular favourites and the start of another four part adventure, **Ghost Gangsters III!** So don't waste a second, get reading.

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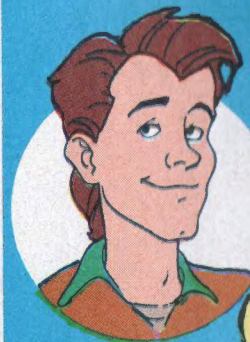
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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ

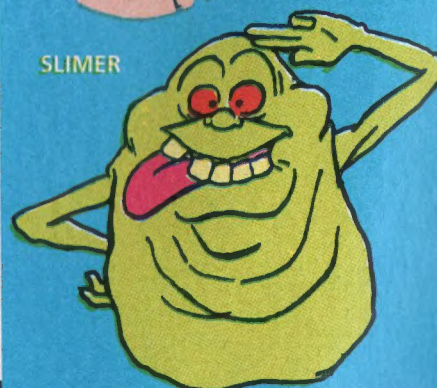


WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



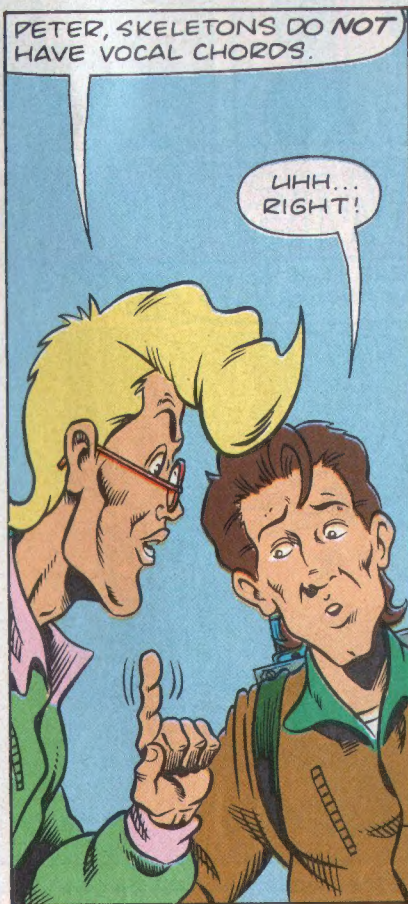
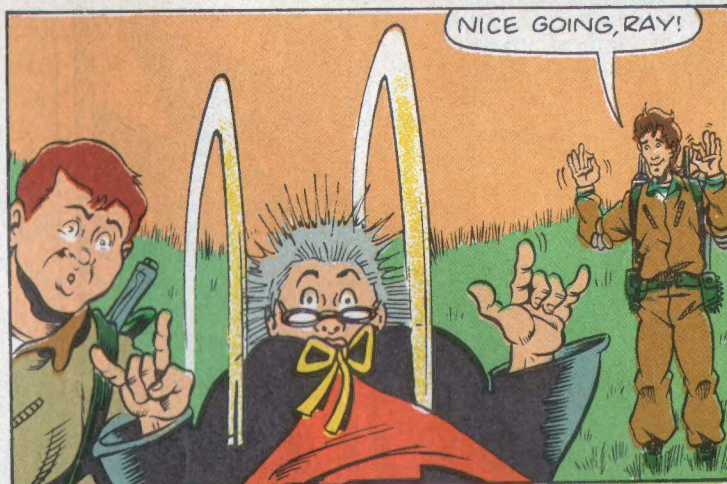
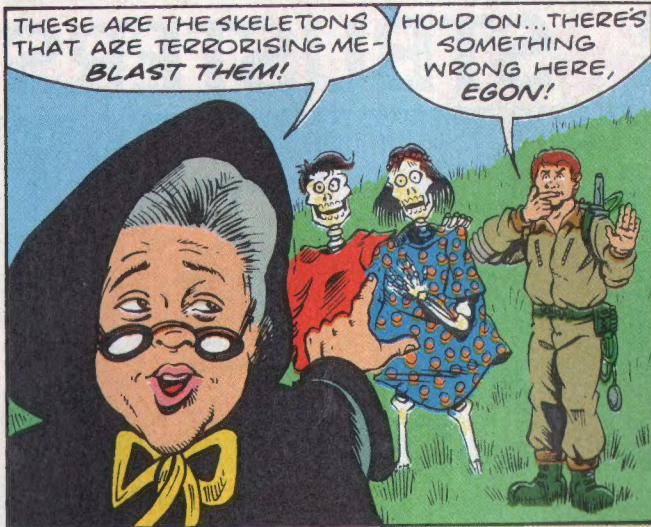
JANINE
MELNITZ

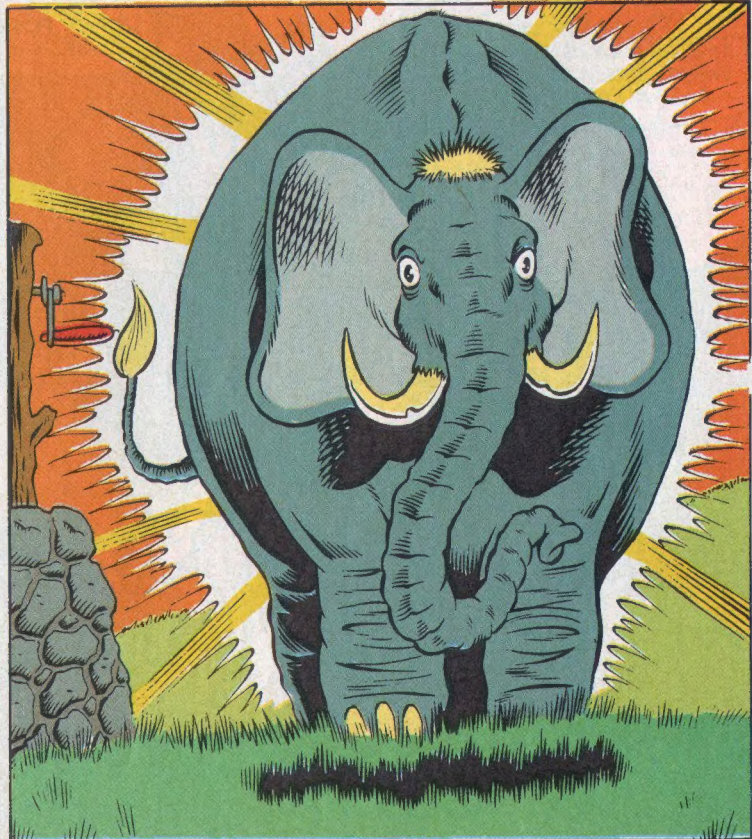
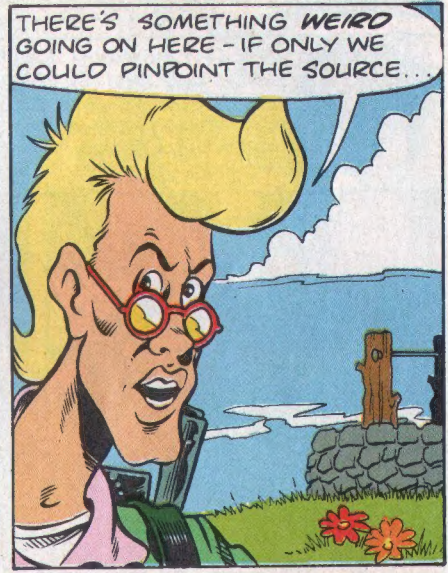
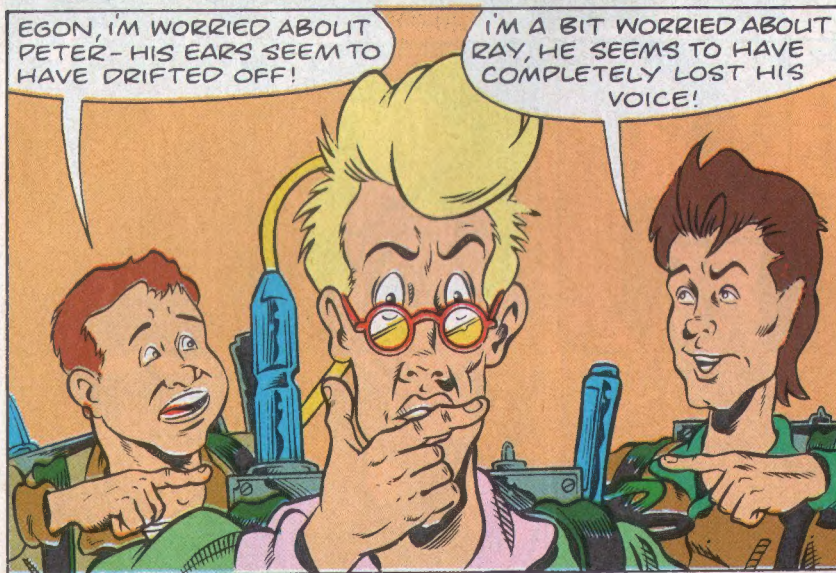
SLIMER

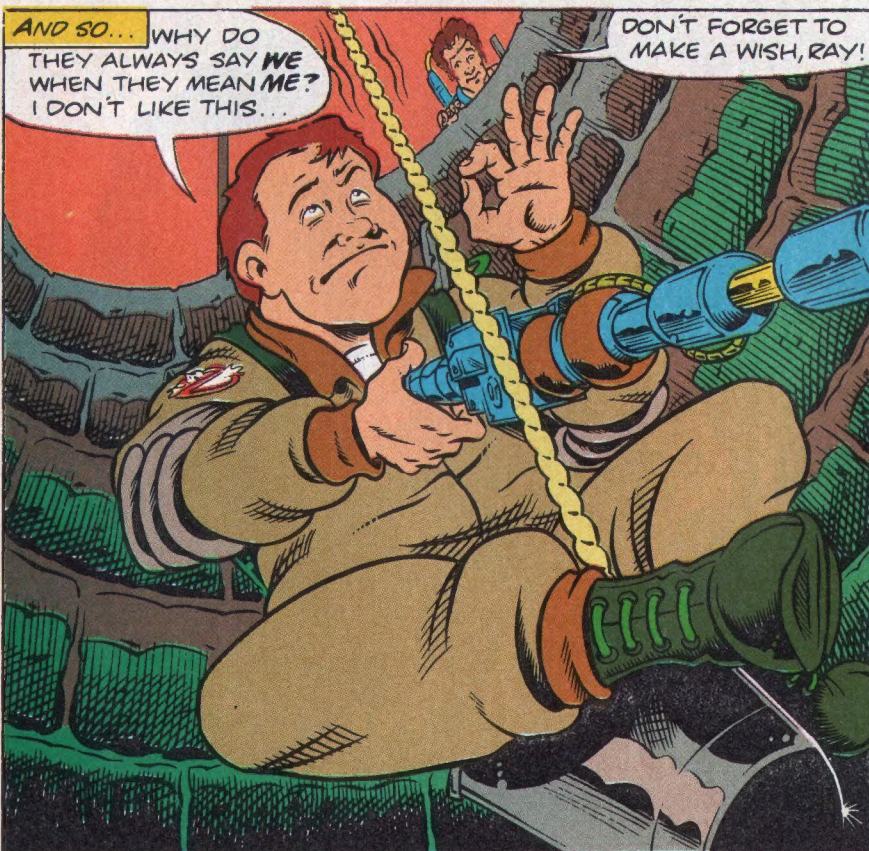
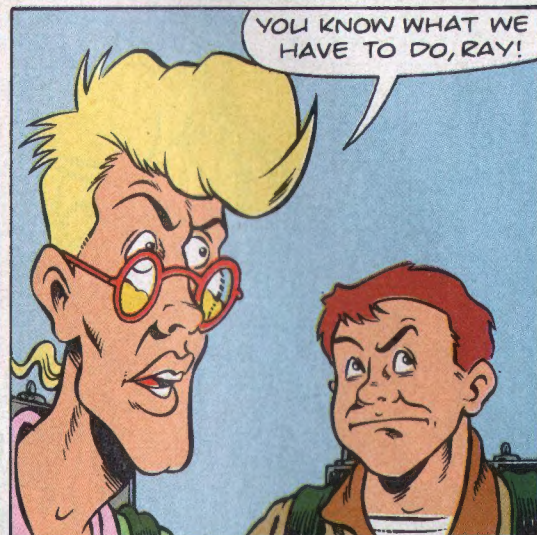
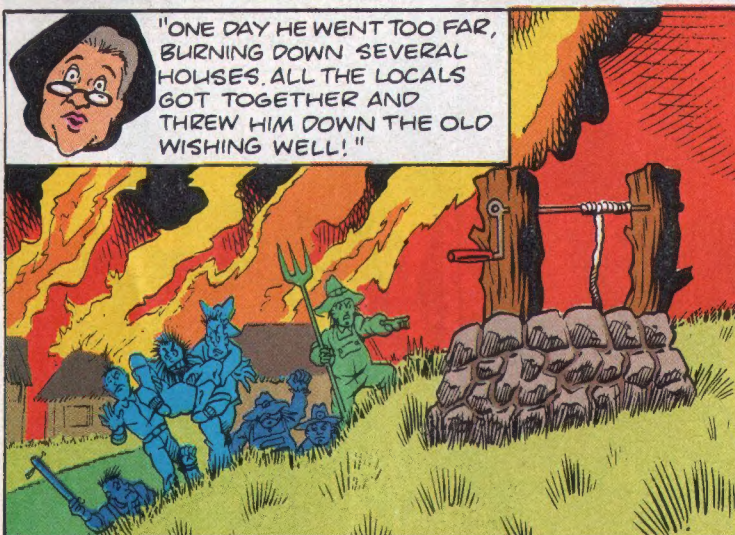
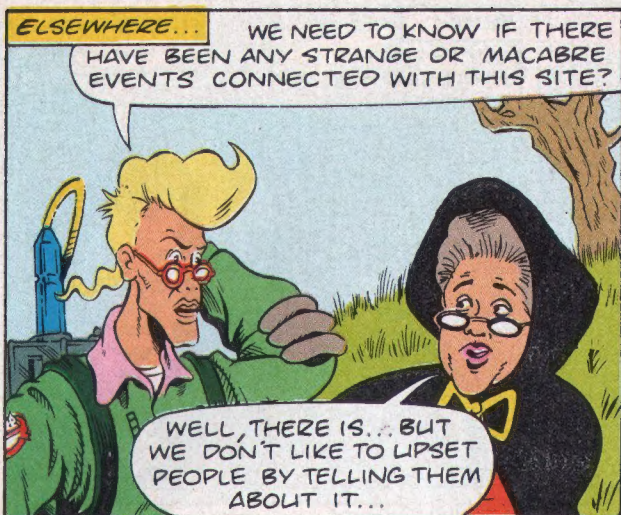


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











WHAT IS PUZZLING THE **REAL** GHOSTBUSTERS™

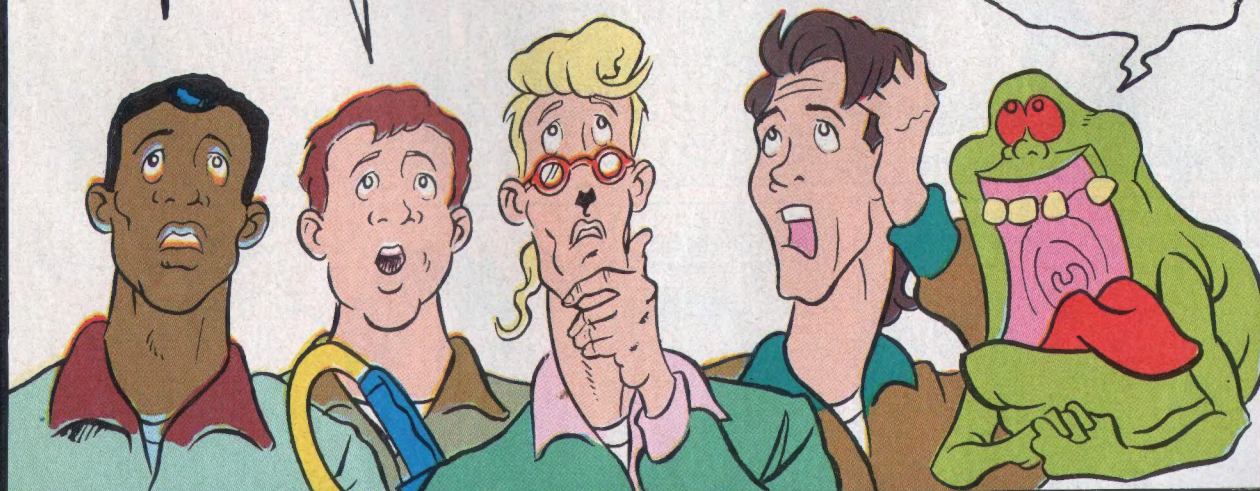


WORD
SEARCHES?
MAZES?

GAMES?
PUZZLES?

WHAT?
A BRAND NEW
MAGAZINE
CRAMMED FULL
OF PUZZLES
AND FUN?

COMING
SOONEEE!



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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

There is an old saying familiar to us all – "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride", but it is interesting to compare it to the Erudlian proverb: "If wishes were Kythonic Pit-Ghasts, beggars would dissolve in explosive combustible clouds of incandescent acidic ectoplasm". Of all the races to inhabit the Earth, the Erudlians were the most dubious of the general 'good-thing'-ness of wishes. Early in their history, the Erudlians had discovered that the wish was more often than not, a device constructed by the Masters of Hades and all their little pointy-toothed pixies, whose sole purpose was to torment the Varnifuff out of them (Varnifuff was a very unpopular coastal town in East Erudlia, famed for its antiquated plumbing).

Tobin, who wrote a treatise on the subject, defines a wish as 'a spoken desire or need which is magically granted by occult powers, generally whose result is a tormenting of the living jaggly boblights out of the wisher'. Tobin showed, through a series of complex diagrams, how a Class one 'Master Wish' was smelted in brimstone, finely wrought on the anvils of Pandemonium with a moonstone hammer, dipped in the fire lakes of Vull and then unleashed upon our poor unsuspecting



PART 108

dimension. The actual mechanics of a Class one Wish is very complicated indeed. It must appear to be absolutely wonderful and great so as to entice a poor mortal into making it. It must have the promise of riches, fame, fortune, or maybe tickets to Holiday on Ice. The fiendishly clever bit comes in the small print, in some loophole whereby the demon granting the wish manages to get it to do something like reverse itself, dissolve in explosive combustible clouds of incandescent acidic ectoplasm or, worst of all, *not* be tickets to Holiday on Ice. The big cheese primogenitures of the Demonic Race tried out most of their Class one Wishes on Erudlia and that was how the poor people of that country got suspicious of the whole thing. More than one Erud-

GUIDE

lian wished they had had nine caskets of silver ingots and ended up as the 24 hour plumber in Varnifuff. While we're on the subject of wishes and how it's best if you ignore them whenever they turn up, I'd like to mention a cruder form of wish, designed, smelted and distributed by the Kythonic Pit-Ghasts, which we in the business call Class two Wishes or basic threats. You see, the Pit-Ghasts of Kython are not blessed with a magnificent capacity for wit, reason or stringing more than say four or five words together in a sentence and making themselves understood. Pit-Ghast wishes usually take the form of bulky, rather sloppily put-together devices which read 'I wish I wuz blowed up wiv acid brimstone.' Pit-Ghasts tend to miss the point that the basic wish should be an attractive one that people will want to do. Hardly surprising really, as Pit-Ghasts also seem to have missed the point that the Earth is round, water is wet and razor sharp scimitars need to be picked up by the short leather end. Undeterred, the Ghasts still go on making awful devices like 'I wish I wuz being burnt in a massive bonfire wiv knives and arrows'. They seem happy. As a spokes-ghost said recently, 'There's nothing wrong with our wishes. We fall for them.'

TENNIS MENACE!



Story JOHN FREEMAN  Art JOHN MARSHALL and DAVE HARWOOD

When a ghost threatens the peaceful running of Wimbledon, will it be game, set and match for The Real Ghostbusters?

Martha Templeton-Smythe, a new secretary at the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Club, was working in her office, listening to *An American in Paris* by George Gershwin. It was the first day of the Wimbledon Tournament and the weather was perfect, not too sunny and with a gentle breeze outside. The strawberry sellers were making a fortune as the crowds – another record turn-out – started to gather.

Martha had been given the job of checking over the entry forms for any last minute errors or cancellations. As she became even more engrossed in the details of Bjorn Borgen, the famous Norwegian tennis star, she suddenly smelt something terrible. It wasn't just terrible, it was unpleasent – a cross between cheap aftershave and even cheaper pizza. Then a shadow fell across her door and something wheezed its way into her tiny office. Something horrid. Something *ghostly*!

The secretary looked up from her entry forms and stared in silence at the apparition in front of her. It was a wild-eyed ghost, dressed in tennis gear. Its hair was completely frazzled and there was a wicked gleam in its eye. Its shoelaces were undone, and its racket, which it started to wave in a frantic manner, crackled with unearthly energy. "Name's Don McEljoy," said the ghost, hissing the words through broken teeth. "Ah've come to win yore Wumbledown Tourniment..."

"Well, Mr McEljoy," said Martha, shuffling her entry papers. "I don't think we've received yore – *your* – entry form."

"Got it right here," replied the ghost, handing the woman a very creased piece of paper. Martha sniffed, put on her reading glasses and started to read it.

"Hm," she said, very matter of factly, "this entry form is for 1967."

"That a problem?" said the ghost, grinning horribly.

"Well it might be," said Martha. "Although there is one rather more important qualification."

"Yeah," demanded Don. "What's that?"

"Well, you're dead, Mr McEljoy. You were killed in a crash in 1967, two years after you lost your qualifying match for Wimbledon."

"Dead? Why, I've never felt better in my life!" The ghost started waving his racket again, and entry forms started flying all over the room. A dark cloud appeared from nowhere in the sky outside. "It was in all the newspapers," Martha said. "I'm afraid we simply cannot let you play." Martha was not going to have any nonsense from a tennis player – dead or not.

Don McEljoy stared at her, stared at his entry form, and giggled horribly as it suddenly caught fire in Martha's hands. "Can't play, can I?" he laughed, manically. "We'll see about that!" With a sudden twist, a vile wink and a puff of aftershave, he was gone.

Martha stared at the spot where the ghost had stood, which smoked quietly. She picked up all the entry papers, and put them in order. She looked outside as she heard screams, and sighed with exasperation as crowds started racing past her window for the nearest exit, chased by glowing tennis balls with demonic faces. One of the tennis balls stopped outside her window and poked its tongue out at her, then sped after a huge fat man who was racing for his car with an Extra Size punnet of strawberries still in his arms.

"Quite unacceptable," sighed Martha again. Then she picked up the telephone as if it was alive and dialled the international operator. "A New York number, please," she said quickly and calmly. "Yes, the colonies, dear boy – **The Real Ghostbusters**. We have a problem here at Wimbledon..."

Four hours later, The Real Ghostbusters arrived at Wimbledon, flown in by special Concorde. Nothing must stop Wimbledon, although the dark clouds that had started to gather seemed to threaten rain. "Good day," said Martha, shaking Peter Venk-

man's hand as he checked his Proton Pack. "You must be Egon Spengler. From your pictures, I was expecting someone more distinguished... Peter grinned and introduced himself. "That's Egon over there," he said, pointing at his friend who was running a PKE Meter over a snapping, yapping tennis ball, whilst rubbing his chin. Peter looked at Martha, who stared sternly back at him though her glasses, then walked over to Egon.

"She looks just like Janine," said Winston, watching the secretary explain the situation to the blond haired scientist. "You don't think...?"

"Think what?" said Ray, as he tucked into his third punnet of strawberries. "We don't have time to think while some ghost is ruining Wimbledon! We've got to get in there and bust it!"

"Calm down, Ray," Peter replied, scanning the area with his own PKE Meter. "We know you like Wimbledon..."

"Like it? It's one of *the* sporting events of the year!" Ray snapped, powering up his Proton Gun. "I can't believe some of these ghosts. They're got *no* manners!"

"Exactly what Ms Smythe was saying!" Egon cut in. "Apparently the ghost is currently terrifying the spectators on Centre Court. Shall we?"

"Lead on, you distinguished gentleman, you," joked Peter. Egon frowned at him, puzzled, then led the way. "Before you go!" snapped Martha. She held up four pairs of tennis shoes. "I simply cannot permit you to wear those great boots on court!" Peter sighed. "The British. I'll never get used to them!"

On court, Don McEljoy was firing off his demonic tennis balls with glee, racing all over the court and slamming aces, double faults and out balls all over the place. Bjorn Borgen was cowering behind the net, trapped by the ghostly firepower. The umpire was insisting that McEljoy remove himself from the court for bringing disorder to the game. McEljoy just laughed, then his jaw dropped with dread as he saw the Ghostbusters arrive, all wearing tennis shoes. "I'm glad you're worried," shouted

Ray. "You should be! No-one spoils Wimbledon and gets away with it while I'm around!" With that, he fired his Proton Gun straight at the cackling ghost. Suddenly, the Proton beam veered off and blew one of the demon tennis balls into a thousand pieces.

"Hmm," murmured Egon. "I was afraid of that. His tennis balls have the same PKE frequency as he does. If he keeps tossing them, we'll never get to bust him – our Guns will just blast the wrong targets."

"Don't worry," said Ray, "I have a plan!" He scampered over to the press photographers and blurted out some instructions. He then hurried back to the other Ghostbusters. "Get set," said Ray. "I think I've found a fault in his performance which we'll prove more than a match for!" As Peter groaned at the puns, the press photographers started to snap picture after picture of the ghost. The noise wasn't loud, but it really annoyed McEljoy. He stopped playing and walked angrily over to them. "Can't you get quieter cameras," he shouted. "You're distracting me!"

"NOW!" shouted Ray and the Ghostbusters blasted Don McEljoy instantly. With a squeal, he dropped straight into the Ghost Trap that Winston had opened underneath him.

"Game, set and match to us," said Ray. "And no faults! Now let's go and see Martha about those free tickets for the final."



GHOST GAMBLING BUG

This particular destructive force came in the guise of a fruit machine. This one-armed bandit certainly lived up to its name, as possessing children was the frightening game it loved to play by passing on a gambling bug which totally transformed their lives. Gambling became a sole obsession to the cost, literally, of the childrens' every day routines.

This was the case with Billy who had developed a craving for the type of fruit that really was rotten to the core! You see, the machine was influencing him in such a way that Billy wouldn't eat, sleep or go to school, and he was even stealing money from his mother's purse. The distraught parent called on The Real Ghostbusters for help when she overheard her son repeatedly muttering the words 'Tutti Frutti', and it was soon diagnosed that Billy was suffering from a severe case of distant possession. Nasty!

The monstrous machine was tracked down deep in the heart of an amusement arcade. The battle commenced and The Real Ghostbusters really fixed the bandit by blasting the demon into oblivion. Jackpot!



SLIMER!

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THAN ANY OTHER COMIC—
AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?



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THESE GUYS NEED A NEW AGENT! THEY HUNT MONSTERS AND DON'T EVEN GET PAID FOR IT!



**pound
pound**

SPEAKING OF FAT FEES, WITH ANY LUCK THAT'S OPPORTUNITY KNOCKING RIGHT NOW!



BEWARE THE INVISIBLE PERIL.

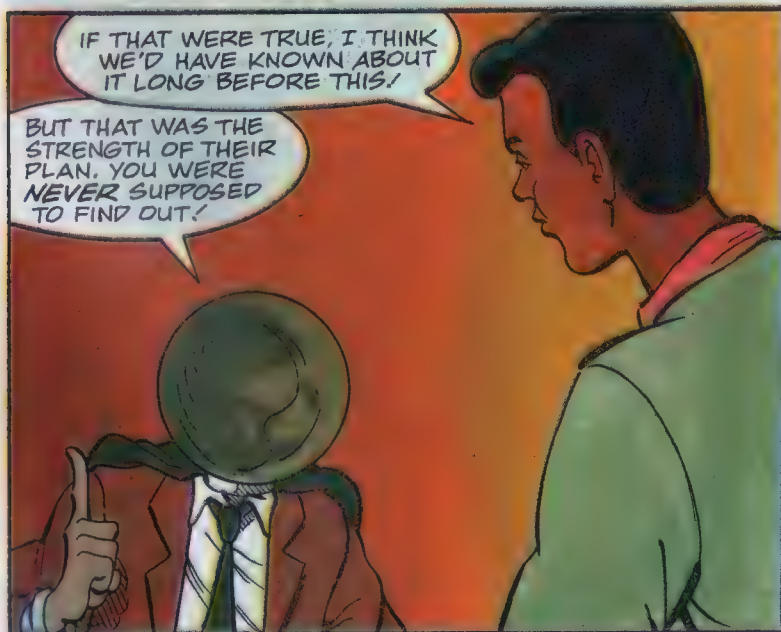
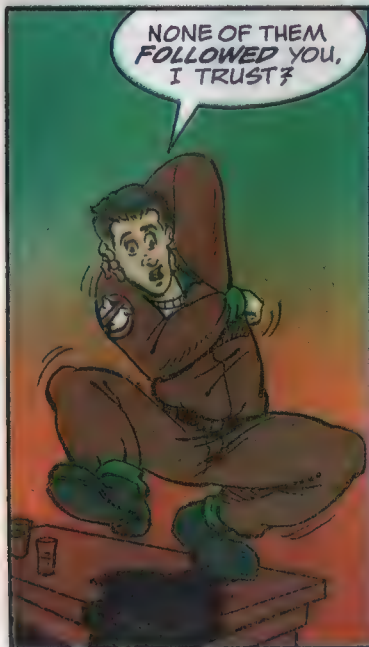
HI, I'M...

"VERY CONFUSED."







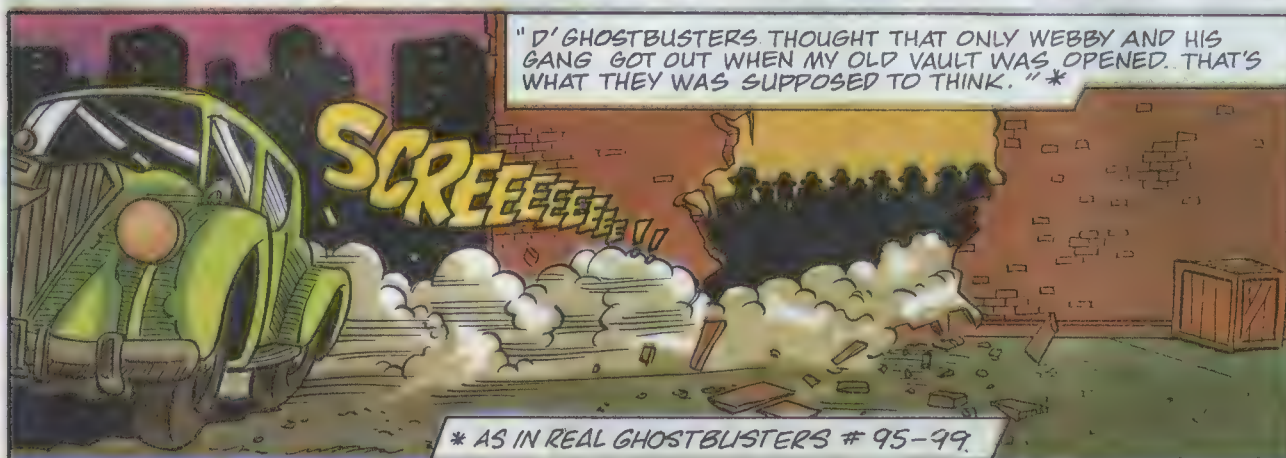




I'M NOT AFRAID
O' DA'
GHOSTBUSTERS!



THEN YOU'RE
AS DUMB AS YOU
LOOK!

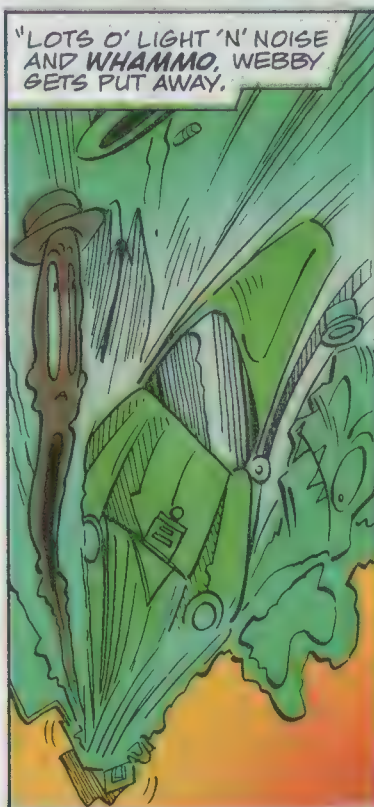


"D' GHOSTBUSTERS THOUGHT THAT ONLY WEBBY AND HIS
GANG GOT OUT WHEN MY OLD VAULT WAS OPENED. THAT'S
WHAT THEY WAS SUPPOSED TO THINK. " *

* AS IN REAL GHOSTBUSTERS # 95-99.



"WEBBY WAS ALWAYS A SAP. HE
DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE'D BEEN
ACED 'TIL I TOLD HIM. HE COM-
PLAINED REAL GOOD WHEN
D' GHOSTBUSTERS ZAPPED HIM."



"LOTS O' LIGHT 'N' NOISE
AND WHAMMO. WEBBY
GETS PUT AWAY."



"D' GHOSTBUSTERS GOT
WHAT THEY WANTED AND
WENT AWAY FAT 'N' HAPPY--
LEAVIN' US TO MOVE IN
ON THE GANGS."



NOW GET OUT AND DON'T DO NOTHIN' THAT'LL ATTRACT D'GHOSTBUSTERS, GUYS WHO KNOW THEIR LIMITATIONS DON'T RATTLE THEIR CAGE.



I COULDN'T HAVE PUT IT BETTER, MYSELF, BUT THEN I TOLD YOU MUCH THE SAME THING QUITE RECENTLY, eh, PARTNER?



SEEING THE CRIMEBUSTER AND THE LUNAR AVENGER WAS AS UNPLEASANT AS LEARNING THEY ESCAPED YOUR CRONIES, I WILL NOT ALLOW MY PAST TO CATCH UP WITH ME.



YOU'RE PART O' THE PAST, JEST LIKE ME, BUT YOU ALWAYS HAD AN EDGE. I MAY BE RUTHLESS, BUT YOU'RE WEIRD.



THE HOSPITAL SAYS THE CRIMEBUSTER WILL BE OKAY.

THANK GOODNESS!



WHILE EVERYONE'S GETTING NOSTALGIC, I COULD DO WITH A DOSE OF HISTORY. HOW COME GUYS WHO HUNG UP THEIR MASKS BEFORE I WAS BORN HAVE HIT THE STREETS RUNNING AGAIN?



AND EVEN MORE IMPORTANT, DO THE SPIDERS AND SNAKES HAVE THIS ADDRESS?

Hanna-Barbera

**NEANDERTHAL
NINCOMPOOPS!**



**PIC-A-NIC BASKET
PANDEMONIUM!**

**MONSTER MASHING
MONGRELS!**



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GH^{OST} WRITING!



Yo! Here we go again delving into the hideously unknown. Yep, it's time for me to face your letters again.

Dear Peter...

1. Do you watch The Real Ghostbusters on TV, Peter?
2. Where did ECTO-2 come from, Egon?
3. Do you love Slimer more than anyone else, Ray?
4. What is your favourite horror movie, Winston?
5. What's it like when Peter threatens to zap you, Slimer?
—David Mace, Drifffield.

1. As often as possible. 2. Egon says that we built it. Well, him and Ray probably because I don't remember. 3. Raysays that he even loves me more than Slimer. Hey, thanks, Ray! 4. Winston tells me that it has got to be the Krugerberg classic, 'Night of the Natural Yoghurts!' 5. What?!! How dare you ask that slime-ball a question on my page!

You are my favourite Ghostbuster. Could you answer a couple of questions for me:

1. What does Ray do in his spare time?
2. If a ghost is bad, can it turn in to a good ghost at some time?
3. Can Slimer drive?
—Martin Stott, Oldham.

1. Rayspends most of his spare time either fixing ECTO-1 or watching television, especially Wimbledon since it's that time of year. 2. Listen, the only good ghost is a dead ghost! Hey, wait a minute, all ghosts are dead though! 3. Well I didn't give him any lessons, I can assure you of that!

In Ghostbusters II, Janine had black glasses, but in Ghostbusters she has red glasses. Why is this?
—Kevin Rayson, W. Germany

What? Two pairs of glasses, I don't remember giving Janine a raise in wages! I guess we'll just have to put it down to fashion.

1. How many times has Slimer slimed you?
2. What books do you like reading?
3. Do you like pineapple and ham pizza?
4. How many ghosts are there in the Containment Unit?
5. Why do you have an ambulance as a car?
6. Do you like Slimer better than Stay-Puft?
—Simon Andrews, Southampton.

Okey-dokey, Simon. 1. More than I care to mention or remember for that part. 2. Pizza books, burger books, heavy metal books— anything as long as the words aren't too long! 3. Yuk! Give me a West Pier Pizza with extra apple and chilli peppers anytime, mm-hm! 4. Too many! 5. Well, there's lot's of room in the back and people tend to get out of the way if they see a speeding ambulance. 6. Mmm, bit of a toughie, that one. Oh, go on then, yes I do, but only a bit!

1. How far could a Proton Beam travel?
2. What Class of ghost is Mr. Stay-Puft, the Marshmallow Man?
3. In the story, The Little Shoppe of Terrors, you sealed the shoppe keeper inside the antique candlestick telephone, but in These Boots Are Made For Haunting, he was back. Why is this?
—Mark Riddell, Londonderry.

Hiya Mark! 1. Egon tells me that the Proton Stream can travel indefinitely, so for the sake of argument I'd say oh ... one hundred yards! 2. A Class six, Major Free-roaming Phantasm. 3. The Shoppe Keeper was trapped in the antique telephone which was then dumped at the refuse dump. I imagine he remained there until someone unwittingly found the telephone and that's when he seized his chance to escape to return in the Boot Shoppe!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

MONSTER PORTIONS!

